

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VIII. St. Joseph's College, March 1, 1916. No. 11.

St. Joe 30—St. Viator's 22.

Our Kankakee friends came over to try their luck on our own floor on February 23. St. Joe was determined to win this game and started things out lively. Two seconds after the starting whistle the score registered 2-0 in our favor. St. Joe romped around the floor with the ball in their possession most of the time and at the end of the first half had succeeded in piling up a score of twenty-two, against the ten points of their opponents.

St. Viator's came back stronger in the second half, having made a change in their lineup. They began to lessen the difference between the scores, but they were unable to do any serious damage. St. Joe was still in the fray, and succeeded in maintaining the lead by a good margin. St. Viator's showed us a nifty brand of passwork this half, but we would have had a much better taste in our mouths after the game if they had not resorted to so much unnecessary roughness. St. Joe's men all played well, and are deserving of much praise for having developed into such a classy team.

St. Joe 22—Dental College 30

On February 18 our Varsity met the fast Dental College team of Indianapolis in a game on the local floor. The game was fast and snappy from whistle to whistle. Dental was always at the big end of the score, but St. Joe was right at their heels, and gave them a hard run for their money. Several times a basket would have tied us. The game was featured by its speed and clean playing. Dental especially excelled in their speedy passwork.

Though our team failed to capture this game, we have no reason to complain. Dental is one of the fastest teams in the state, and has all the first class teams in this part of the state on its schedule. Our fellows did their best and played a fine game, and had the gods given them a little more luck at foul shooting, might have come out of the game crowned with victory.

St. J. All Juniors—St. X. All Juniors

As a curtain raiser to the Dental game, a game between the all-juniors of the secular and religious was staged. The St. Joe team won, but St. X. put up a fine game. The game was very good as all the contests between these two teams are.

St. Joseph 15 vs. Dental College 43

The St. Joe Varsity met the Dental team in another basket ball game played at the Marion Club, Indianapolis. Feb. 26th. Although the home squad was again forced to acknowledge the superiority of the Tooth Pullers, they put up a brilliant fight and played a fast and earnest game throughout. Deery was easily the star for St. Joe although Tremel and Erhman played remarkable defensive games. Much credit must be given to the Dentals for their playing — they are to be classed with the best teams that St. Joe ever met. Their forwards Leveron and Dea Kyne are veritable whirlwinds. Mr. Cook, who refereed, is well known as a man who not only knows the game, but who also enforces its rules. Owing to the fact that this game was extensively advertized in most of the Indianapolis papers, a large crowd witnessed the game.

Altar Society Election.

At the last meeting of the Altar Society the following officers were elected: Pres Robert Loughrey, Vice Pres. S. Clyde; Secr. F. Hunt. Critic W. Seyfried; Sergeant at Arms; E. Buseman.

Try some of our home-made candies, divinity fudge, lemon squares, and all kinds of taffies. This candy is made by the girls of the Rensselaer parochial school to help raise funds for a new church. Help the good cause along!
Candy Store. Beck & Stewart Prop's.

The Pool Shark

The outlook was desolate. The plain stretched forth in a sandy stretch for miles. Only white bones and the sickly looking cactus relieved the monotony of these barren lands. Montague Coby and Greasy Gartofy stopped on the edge of the desert and looked back at the little town of Black Dot. Only a week before Montague had drifted into town and taken up his quarters at Red Eye Dick's saloon. Here, on the dilapidated pool table he initiated the miners into the mystery of Kelly pool. And often when one of the strong arm players came in with his little buckskin bag filled with gold dust, he left with it empty. There was no doubt about it, Montague could play pool.

Although he was such a persistent winner, Montague was far from being in disfavor with the miners. They were all good sports and good losers, for none suspected that there was anything crooked in the pool player's uncanny skill. For three days Monty reaped a rich harvest, and was on the way to wealth when Greasy Gartofy rode into town. Greasy was standing at the bar drinking some of the brew that gave Dick his name, when he heard of Monty's playing. It was easy to see how Greasy got his name. He was so fat that when he perspired the grease just seemed to flow from his pores.

He was somewhat of a player himself, so he walked to the back room to watch Monty and maybe try his luck with him. He soon saw through the game that was robbing the miners of their dust. Monty was working the double pill game on them. He had two sets of pills in his clothes. If he shot the five ball in and nobody rapped, Monty would reach in his pocket and pull out the five pill. He was very clever at this, and so far had not been caught.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Rev. Augustine Seifert, who was for many years president of the College, and whose name is intimately connected with the beginning and progress of our alma mater, paid us a flying visit on February 17. Father Seifert seemed as glad to see his "old boys" as they were to see him, and beamed all over as he recognized faces and names. Father Seifert has improved much in health since his resignation three years ago. He is now chaplain of the convent at Maria Stein, Ohio.

Speaking in automobile terms Andy Maher said he is going to cut out his muffler since Spring is coming.

An Appreciation

The "Cheer" wishes to express the appreciation of the student body for the excellent services J. Cherry has given as referee on the home floor. He has shown by his refereeing that he is thoroughly acquainted with the rules of the game and is not afraid to enforce them. Visiting teams have all complimented St. Joe's management on its referee in those games in which he officiated. It is the general opinion of the student body that his work surpassed that of Haggerty, the professional referee who officiated in the St. Viator game.

A Rescue

When a "Junior" ventured as far as the island on the rotten ice Friday noon, he never thought that his feat would be the cause of such a great commotion. For Mr. Junior could not get back because the ice, as he had found after being soaked through to the hips on his way over, would not hold his weight. Immediately a cry went up, and a crowd flocked from all sides to the scene of disaster. Jacobs roused himself from the depths of a Popular Mechanics and loped gracefully out to the lake, carrying with him his book "First Aid to the Injured." Schaffer stopped talking long enough for the spectators to hear Faurotes' suggestion that a cable be stretched from the Chapel tower to the ball on the flag-pole, but Jacobs disapproved of all their efforts and maintained that if some one would get a few boards, they would do much more good than all the rope; at the same time holding his post under the tree.

De Jaco was about to skate out his to rescue, but friends held him back from the desperate attempt. At length Gaskins, following the motto that actions speak louder than words grabbed the rope and walking out half way, threw a coil to the sufferer. As soon as that worthy had made his person secure to one end of this, he stepped upon the board which someone (not Jacobs) had brought from the carpenter shop, and made good progress until he left it. As soon as he struck the ice, however, he went through to his knees. No farther than his knees; for as soon as McGinn, Vonder Hagen and Overton, who had been holding the rope nervously all the while, saw him sinking, they started for Remington at a 2:10 clip. The derelict hung on securely and began to make good time towards the shore, where he arrived safe and soaked soon after.

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Editorials

THERE exists among the students of St. Joseph's a certain small class of persons to whom the appellation hangers on might appropriately be applied. Apparently they are students, whereas in reality they are mere bluffs, mere imitations. They succeed, as a rule in keeping up with their class, but they perform their tasks in a careless, slovenly, and half-hearted manner, which readily exerts a detrimental influence on the other students. More over this is a characteristic, which is in itself disgusting. While no one can expect the student body to be perfect, in all respects, yet we are right in not tolerating the evil in question for there is positively no reason for its existence. All that is needed is a little more effort, more ambition, more self-respect. Try riding, for a while, on the "better student" wagon.

Holy Name Election.

Since its organization a year ago last November the local branch of the Holy Name Society has made remarkable progress. It has accomplished much good in elevating the moral tone of the student body and in inspiring greater reverence for the Holy Name. However, some still seem to be rather forgetful of their obligations as members of the Society. It is scarcely out of place to remind these persons of the pledge they have taken.

A meeting was held some time ago to elect officers for the second semester, which resulted as follows:

Pres. Leo Beck. 1st Vice Pres. J. Cherry. 2nd Vice Pres. Theo. Fettig. Secr. Matthias Schmitt. Consultors for the Seculars: Robert Loughrey, Matt. Lause, Tom Flynn and John Ryan; for the Religious: Sylvester Ley and Jos. Raible.

Daily—(seeing Weishar tearing off stamps for foreign missions) "Who are you going to buy, Charley?"

Chaplin—"Oh, I'm not particular. Want to be first?"

Question Box

Joseph Sylvester Wonderly, Editor

Dear Editor—I have no appetite and can not enjoy my free time. Do you know what is the matter with me?

A. B.O.O.B.

Ans. This is a plain case of lack of study.

Dear Editor—I always feel dissatisfied and dream of home every night. What is the cause of this?—Homesick.

Ans. See a doctor or you will soon develop a case of "sore eyes."

Dear Editor—I have a real heavy beard and it causes me much discomfort. Can you give me any advice to remedy this.—Whiskers.

Ans. Advice I have none, but as soon as the "Cheer" gives me my first pay, I'll lend you a dime.

Dear Editor—Why do so many of the students persist in eating limburger cheese?—Pat.

Ans. You've got me, kid. I'm Irish like yourself.

Dear Editor—I never get any mail. How can I remedy this.—"Ignorantia."

Ans. Send a couple of cards to some piano manufacturers and ask for catalogues.

Editor's Note—This question box is open to all readers of the Cheer, but I want it understood that I ain't gonna answer any foolish questions.

Random Shots.

Most friends are like the rainbow—they don't appear until after the storm.

Hermiller—Say, Johnny, why do you always carry your violin with you?

McGahey—"It's a habit of mine. You see, I happened to have it with me one day on a crowded street car and as I could not find a seat, I began to play the Star Spangled Banner. All those seated at once stood up—I sat down. From then on I made it a point to carry my violin with me."

McGinn—"After I wash my face I always look in the mirror to see if it is clean. Don't you Joe?"

Wonderly—"No, I aint gonna either, I just look at my towel."

Bruin—"Gee! I wish the basket-ball season would last longer."

Fettig—"Why so, Jack?"

Bruin—"Not so much on account of the games, but, just think of the 'feeds' we have been getting."

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